

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Beyond The Gates Of Pain"

(feat. Sean Price)

Yeah, let's do it right this time
Jedi Mind tricks, Sean P
Straight up! Let's go!
Yeah! (haha)

[Sean Price:]

Yes, just confess, the best is I
Leave you, stretched from the sket, in Bedford-Stuy
Would've let you jet but I bet if I
Did that like a rat – you testify?
Niggas like what's the matter with Sean?
I'm like "Nothing, just thinkin' of a verse that can shatter the song"
Foreign bitches know the stamina strong
20 G's for the pictures, stay in the country, so I married the mob
Sean's thirty-two, but the gauge is 12
In the fifth for these funny niggas; Dave Chappelle
When Run-DMC was fuckin' Raising Hell
I was on the run from d's, these raised in hell
Kinda broke, couldn't raise the bell
Called my man, he broke two fuckin' arms, sold the gauge for bail
Beat the case, got my big gauge back as well
With rap, you can sing such amazing tales, nigga
Ya'll niggas bust my web
Heat pop, niggas cut ya dreads, cuz ya'll scared
Rockin' and rollin', guns and roses
Pockets is swollen, son is holding
Sean P, I'm the master of ceremony
That's blatin' at every phony ass rapper that ever know me
Niggas act like they ready for war
Get slapped with the tool, wake up bitch, get ready for school, one

[Vinnie Paz:]

We in this game for the money and the long life
Whether we battle with the gats or it's all mics
We can rumble with the bats or the long pipes
Vinnie Paz, it's a wrap, with Sean Price

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I'm more powerful than Gargamel, guard ya grill
And you'll be starved and killed
It's hard to build, when God reveal
That you eat lard for meals
So as the saga builds, we need raw shit
We need EPMD to drop more shit
The hardcore shit, bang out, bust a gat
The '84 shit, hang out, hustle crack
We build and we destroy until the sun drop
Until we hear the sounds of the last gun shot
But I'mma ride until the wheels fall off

Til the high in these last few pills wear off
You failed with frost, pussy rap, filled and crossed
Sellin' bags of that raw shit filled with salt
I kill ya thoughts, with a nine MA eagle
Make me sick to my stomach, like ya'll gay people
I'mma slay evil, that's what Allah likes
Vinnie Paz, Jedi Mind Tricks, Sean Price

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